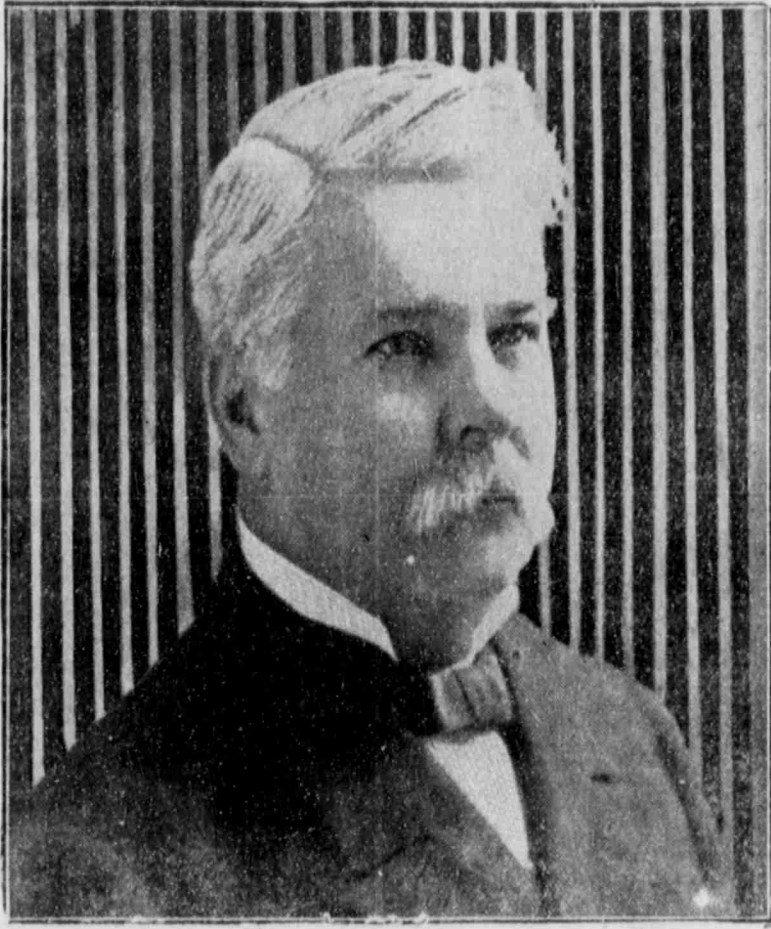


AMID THE RUINS OF MEXICO

President Benjamin Cluff of Utah Writes of Them.

GOV. SAYERS OF TEXAS.



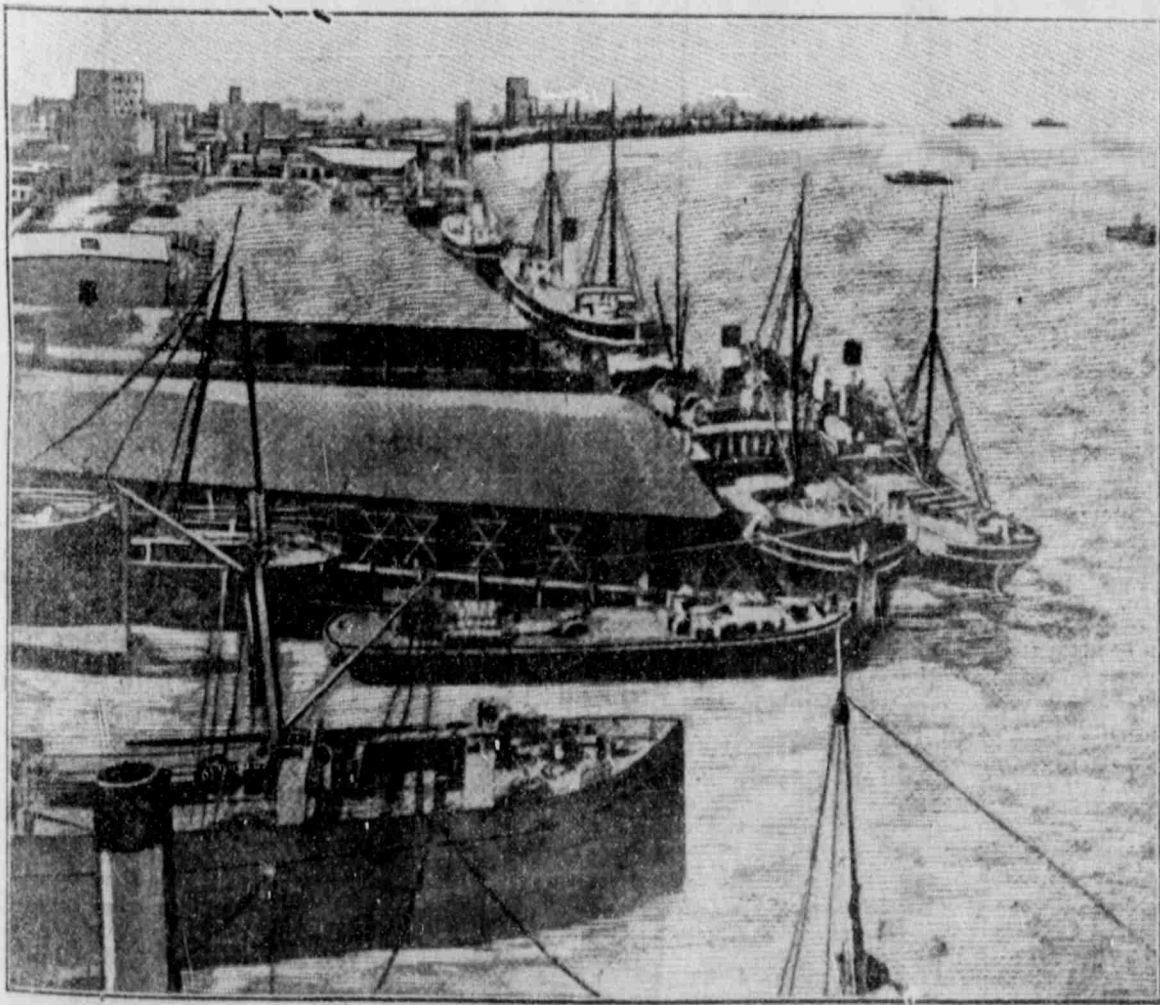
One of the busiest men in America today is Hon. Joseph D. Sayers, governor of the Lone Star State, who personally is managing the titanic task of relieving the sufferers in Galveston's unprecedented disaster. Already many thousands in cash have been raised in Texas and elsewhere, and carloads of provisions, clothing, tents and bedding are speeding Gulfward.

wounded boy escaped by crawling in a chicken coop, and saved his little sister, six years old, by taking her with him. While the Indians looted the houses, two came to Williams' ranch, two miles away, and gave the alarm. The Indians were never punished.

Two or three miles from Williams' ranch brought us to Cave Valley where we have spent some time in examining the ruins found there.

The first cave we entered is situated upon a little gorge or ravine a quarter of a mile from the river. The cliffs in which this and two other caves are situated must be a hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular. The gorge is well wooded and at its top a few yards from the caves very rugged. The mouth of the cave where the first well was built measured thirty-five feet three inches wide and about fifteen feet high. The greatest depth was ninety-three feet and the greatest width one hundred twelve and one-half feet. At all places except near the outer edges a man could walk without fear of striking his head on the roof and in most places the roof was twelve feet from the floor. Near the center of the cave but a little to the right was a natural column support, giving the whole an appearance of dignity. There were six well-preserved rooms all built of a kind of cement, and plastered inside. The floors were cement. In some of the rooms in the back and the floor was raised six or eight inches forming a kind of bed. The doors were invariably small, just large enough for a large person to crawl in, and in some cases this door was the only opening, in others a smaller opening was made near the ceiling or roof of the cave. In one room the door had been partially closed up as though made too large at first. The measurements of some of the rooms are as follows: First, 12 feet 3 inches by 10 feet; second, this was in such a ruined state we could not get correct measurements; third, 19 feet 6 inches by 19 feet. The door was 2 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 11 in., and was the only opening in the room.

RUINED WHARVES AT GALVESTON.



Prosperity was the keynote of the stricken city's pain of life. Everything seemed auspicious for Galveston before the present catastrophe. The Southern Pacific and other large interests promised a brilliant future, nature smiled, and now—

Visit to Some of the Great Caves that were Homes for Ancient Peoples, Whose Careers are Matters of Great Uncertainty to the Races of Today—Description of the Crude and Wonderful Oases and Speculation as to Their Purpose—Crumbling Dykes and Terraces—The Cave Dwellers and Mound Builders Were Special Watchers of Them.

to hold the moisture that the things planted might grow. Others reason that in some of the terraces there would not be more than a few square yards of soil, and as there was plenty of good river bottom it is impossible to believe an intelligent people would go to all this work for the small garden patch. They assert therefore that the main object in view was the retention of the water for the good of the larger valleys below, which also were thickly populated. These dikes formed a thousand little reservoirs, each of which held back its quota of water which percolated through the porous soil and gradually and in the proper quantities reached the farms below. The cave dwellers and those who inhabited the numerous mounds were detailed to watch the dikes and keep them in repair.

Whichever theory is true or whether both or neither is correct the fact still remains that all through the mountain inculcable labor has been performed in terracing or diking the ravines and water draws and these terraces do aid in retaining the water which pour down in the rainy season.

thus reserving them for the dryer months.

Further up the river we came to another cave which, in many respects, is the most interesting yet visited. It is situated a hundred yards perhaps from the main canyon and two hundred feet above the level of the river. In fact it is two caves with one mouth, there being a partition which comes nearly to the outside. The deepest arm was 181 feet, the other measured 81 feet 6 inches; width of cave at the mouth was 61 feet 3 inches; height of roof, 18 feet. This sloped until at the farthest extremity it was only about 4 feet. There were many rooms, but mostly in ruins, not from the weather, but from the hand of man—perhaps civilized man. At the mouth stood a large Alla made of cement mixed with grass, laid apparently roll upon roll, and plastered inside and out. It measured 22 feet 8 inches in and 4 feet 2 inches at the upper opening. It stands 11 feet 7 inches high.

The walls of the rooms are all of cement, but not mixed with grass. At the corner of one room is a wooden post in a good state of preservation. The ground plan does not show many rooms in a complete state of ruin, but only those measurably preserved. On the walls of one room now torn down were hieroglyphics and pictures, perhaps giving an account of the occupation of the cave. One picture was that of a horse or mule with two men riding it.

From Cave Valley we came to Garcia, where, in a mound which we excavated we found some valuable specimens of ancient implements and ollas.

We are gratified to learn from the custom authorities at Nogales that orders have come from Mexico to permit of our property to pass in free of duty and free of bond.

This is doubtless due to the influence of some of our friends at home.

Our next postoffice address is Durango, Mexico.

BENJAMIN CLUFF JR.

A VISIT TO HEIDELBERG CASTLE

The following extracts are from a letter recently received from a Utah boy, giving a description of his visit to the famous Castle of Heidelberg, Germany:

"The fourteenth day of July saw me at Berlin, where I stayed over night, and the next morning at 7:30 I wended my way to the Anhalter Bahnhof or railway station, and boarded the train for Frankfurt on Main.

"From Berlin to Frankfurt is a 12-hour ride in a German fast train, and I believe it would be a difficult matter to find a more disagreeable, monotonous or dusty ride this side the Sahara. It is one continual stretch of plain for about the first nine hours, and one is ready for the mountains (such as they are) when they appear in sight.

"The mountains—or hills—appear a little this side of Wurtemberg (the birth place of Luther) and continue almost to Frankfurt. These are a part of the Harz mountains, and although not so high or rugged as the Alps, they still are quite picturesque. Many an old castle can be seen from the car window, each of whose history is that of medieval Germany, and several would be required to visit them in a thorough manner. Some of these castles are among the most famous in the country.

"At last, however, the seemingly interminable journey ended, and I found myself in the City of Frankfurt, the ancient home of the Rothschilds, and still the home of one branch of the family.

"Frankfurt I found to be a very lively, busy and yet pretty city, with many good modern buildings as well as some very ancient palaces. From Frankfurt I took train for Heidelberg, and arrived there the next morning at 10:30. It was Sunday, and everybody was out in their best. It is difficult for me to imagine a prettier site for a town than Heidelberg, as situated as it is on the banks of the beautiful Neckar river, and at the foot of the mountain, which rises almost as abruptly as a stone wall at the edge of the town. The town is oblong in shape, and, perhaps, a mile long, and two blocks wide, with one fairly straight street running from end to end, or in other words, from the station to the place where you ascend to the castle.

"Of course, my first thought, as I got off the train, was of the castle, and the quickest way of reaching it. In the excitement I overlooked two or three street cars that would have taken me directly there and began walking, madly on the street for fear I would lose a minute. At the cars rattled past me I read their signs and discovered that I might just as well have saved myself the exertion of walking, but it was too late to mend matters so I continued on with grim determination to walk to the castle.

THE OLD CASTLE.

"When a person has for years wished to see a certain something, as I have wished to see Heidelberg castle, and that wish has at last been gratified, it seems as though it were more like a dream than a reality and so it was with me when I got my first view of the old pile, which so majestically overlooks the town and the river below. I stood for some minutes gazing up at the beautiful view from the middle of the square which lies directly below it, the square which lies directly below it, the river and the hills on the opposite side of the gorge.

"Though the baron of the castle was not there to meet me I felt his presence there as I walked to the entrance, which stands as a constant reminder of what a stronghold it once must have been. Rich as England is in her ancient ruins I doubt if she has anything in this line that excels in beauty and grandeur of situation the Heidelberg castle. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful ruin.

"At first I walked past the entrance to see if I could get a better view from the other side, but found myself in a beer garden. It was filled with people, tourists and Germans, some of whom had come to see the castle and others of whom were there to enjoy their beer in the mountain air. There were many students there which of course was necessary, as it would not

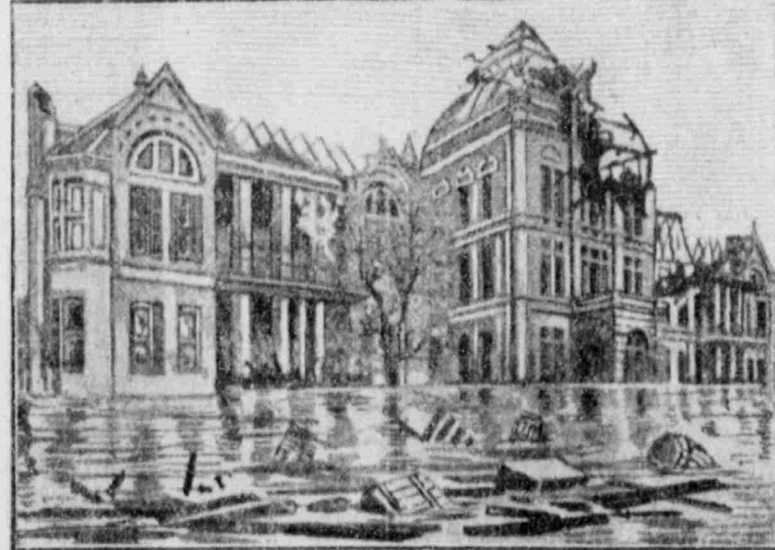
have been Heidelberg without them. Each one was decorated with his allotted number of duel cuts across the cheek, which he paraded as though they were his greatest possession. I did not re-enter the castle, so turned back to the old entrance, with its sixteenth century turret on each side and its drawbridge and steel piked hanging gate, and went in.

"Immediately on entering the court one is impressed with the beautiful decorations of the buildings fronting on it. Though somewhat worn away by time and the weather, the stone cornices and carvings between the windows retain enough of their original splendor to make one open his eyes when he thinks what has been there.

"The building facing the entrance on the opposite side of the court is being remodelled, to be used as the museum, which now occupies one of the other buildings. The original statues are being taken down and copies put in their place. This I suppose is being done to preserve them from further injury, but it robs the place of a great deal of its interest to have the originals removed.

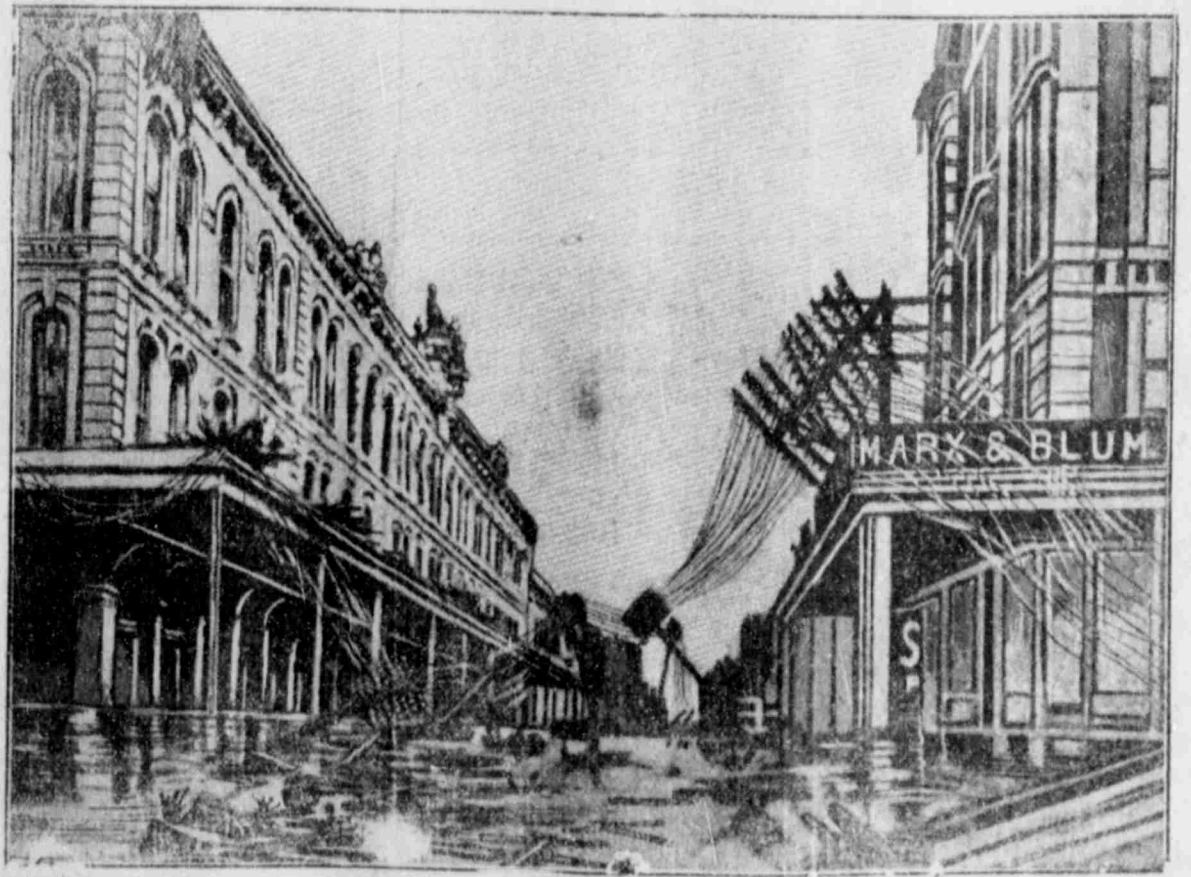
"At the entrance, tickets are sold for admission. I gave it to the doorman, and a party being made up, we were put in the hands of an English speaking

JOHN SEALY HOSPITAL DESTROYED.



The storm fiend spared not the refugees of the sick and dying. A frightful episode of the (disaster) is the destruction of John Sealy hospital, where hundreds of patients became the helpless victims of wind and waters. This was one of the finest structures in Galveston.

MECHANIC STREET AS IT IS TODAY.



Galveston's principal business thoroughfares are rivers of dead and debris. Buildings are undermined and property annihilated in the main thoroughfares of the smitten seaport. Mechanic street becomes more and more an abomination every hour.

MAP OF RELIEF WORK.



The dotted lines indicate the path of the storm, sweeping over Galveston with the fury of a thousand fiends. In this area the relief work now is under way.

lady guide, whose English, by the way, was scarcely discernible. She led us into an old fashioned hall where were placed on pedestals the remains of statuary and various other sorts of exterior and interior decorative work in stone, such as window-facings and cornices. These were not particularly interesting to me, although some of the sculpture work was very fine. We did not remain long in this place, but proceeded directly to the cellar, which contains the immense barrels for which this place is noted.

The smaller one is to be seen first, and its capacity is not to be laughed at. I have forgotten its capacity, but the larger one, or, as it is called, "the great Tun," has a capacity of 49,000 gallons. The front of the barrel is carved most beautifully. A small pair of stairs leads one down from the room of the smaller to the room of the larger barrel, which fills very comfortably all the available space in the room.

The barrel has had no wine in it since about 1750.

From this room one is led through winding corridors and dark dungeons and up spiral staircases till at last the left balcony is reached. From here the view is simply wonderful. Over the stone railing is a drop of almost a hundred feet perpendicular, from where the hill descends down another hundred feet or so (though not quite so straight up and down) into the town.

As I said before, it was Sunday and

the weather was perfect in every respect. Services in the church, not far from the foot of the hill where the castle stands, were in progress, and from where we stood on the left balcony the singing of the choir lent its charm to the romantic scene. They were singing a chorus from the Messiah, and it sounded beautiful.

I was quite lost in reflection, when the broken English of my guide grated on my nerves and brought me back to a realization of where I was, and we proceeded to the great Tower.

From here the view is much the same as from the left balcony, only perhaps one gets a little more of it. Being nearly tired out already with stair climbing I did not go to the top but contented myself with the first story.

From here we went to the Kaiser Saal, which must have been a beautiful room judging from the interior stone work. It still shows many evidences of the fire which destroyed it about one hundred and fifty years ago. Leading out of this room is

THE MUSEUM.

which, of course, I could not leave without visiting. This place is filled with the old pictures that originally adorned the walls of the castle. Many of them of course were destroyed during the various sieges to which the old pile had been subjected, and also in the great fire; however, a large and elegant collection still remains. Barons, lords, knights and ladies in armor and fixtures, all decorate the walls of the museum, and look down from over their shields and collarettes with most disdainful expressions upon the tourists who loiter about and inspect them. This place would certainly provide a feast for one acquainted in detail with the Castle's history. It did not take me long to look through as I am neither painter nor historian.

With the museum finished my trip through the castle and although loath to leave the place, I had to, as train time was drawing near, and I wanted to see a little more of the place from the outside.

The descent in the life shortening car was accomplished with little worse results than the ascent, and I again found myself in the little square at the foot of the castle. I looked at it again for a few minutes and was left undisturbed this time by the small boys. This was the last look I had, as a car came along at this time and I boarded it for the depot.

He ended my visit to the castle of Heidelberg, and I shall always consider it one of the pleasantest days I ever spent in Europe.

DR. LEWIS A. SAYRE DEAD.

He Was Well Known in Utah in Ben Holiday Days.

New York, Sept. 21.—Dr. Lewis Albert Sayre, one of the most famous surgeons of this country, died at his home in this city today. He was 81 years of age.